

TRUSTEE SALE!

A GENUINE SALE WHICH COMMENCES MONDAY MORNING!

Our entire stock of CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, ETC., must be sold within 30 days. Every article must be sold regardless of cost. As announced in this paper yesterday we executed a trust mortgage to secure all creditors, and as the trustee has given 30 days to raise the money, we have decided on this gigantic sale. We wish to lay particular stress upon the fact that this is a bona fide sale, and no goods will be received through our back doors. Our stock of nearly \$25,000 worth embraces nothing but goods that are new and as bright as a dollar fresh from Uncle Sam's mint. The

SUITS, OVERCOATS, UNDERWEAR, ETC.

Are of the best, and all, all must go, regardless of cost. The laboring man cannot idly pass this matter over, nor can the clerk, the merchant, or any one in need of wearing apparel, because we can and will save you money. Inspect the goods, ascertain the prices and convince yourself that we are publishing positive facts.

REMEMBER THIS GREAT SALE COMMENCES MONDAY MORNING AT 7 O'CLOCK.

6 CANAL STREET

R. VANDERWERP.

37 PEARL STREET

HOWDY AND A LETTER

Howard Fielding Tells About a Troublesome One

IN THE HOLMES FAMILY

Paterfamilias Does a Job of Lying With No Very Gratifying Results.

[The persons concerned in this difficulty are Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, a young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Easton and their daughter Annie (visiting the Holmes), and Robert Dean, Annie's accepted suitor. Dean is Mrs. Holmes' brother. The scene is Holmes' breakfast room with a conservatory at the back, and plenty of other places where the characters can conceal themselves when it is not convenient for the author to keep them on the stage. Time, just before breakfast. Holmes alone, opening letters. He holds one in his hand.]

Howdy and a letter. Holmes jumps violently, and thrusts the letter into the inside pocket of his coat. Mrs. Holmes looks at the letters on the table and then at her husband. Holmes cheerfully—Just looking at the mail. Two or three letters for you. Opened one of them by mistake. Writing looked like Jim Townsend's, but it wasn't. Mrs. H.—Henry, I wish to see the letter which you have in your pocket. Holmes—Letter? In my pocket? Oh, come now, what makes you think— Mrs. Holmes—Give me the letter. Enter Easton. Mrs. Holmes hears him, and turns toward him. As she does so, Holmes gets the letter out of his pocket, and edges toward the fire. She faces him just in time to prevent him from burning the letter. Holmes—Well here's a pretty go. Annie—How? My wife says that I have a letter which I don't want her to see, and she insists that I shall turn up my pockets inside out. Easton (sentimentally)—A wife should trust her husband implicitly. (Turns around, speaks aside.) H-m, I thought Mrs. Easton was there. Mrs. Holmes—I don't care to discuss the question. H—(taking out her handkerchief)—Henry, you are very unkind. (She buries her face in the handkerchief. Henry hastens forward. As he passes Easton, he hands him the letter, making a sign of secrecy.) Easton—My dear Jennie, I had no notion that you were so deeply in earnest. Henry, you rascal, Jennie shall see that letter. Holmes (aghast)—You don't mean it! Easton—Yes, I do. Where did he put it, Jennie? Holmes behind his wife's back, makes frantic signs toward the letter which Easton had slipped into his pocket. Mrs. Holmes (sobbing)—It's in his pocket. Easton (sternly)—Henry, take off your coat. (He forces Holmes to obey. Then he goes to the coat to Mrs. Holmes. She hesitates, and seems on the point of returning the coat to her husband, but at last her curiosity gets the better of her and she plunges her hand into the pocket. She pulls out a handkerchief neatly folded. There is nothing else. Easton and Holmes go off together. Easton alone, looks cautiously around, and then takes the letter out of his pocket.)

Easton—What nonsense is this? Henry ought to be ashamed of himself. (Glances at the letter.) A mighty neat little hand, a fascinating woman, surely, but very indiscreet. The idea of writing to a married man—at his house. I must give Henry a little advice. I must destroy it. (Out of the corner of his eye he sees Mrs. Easton, who has entered quietly.) Mrs. Easton (tightly)—Horace, come here! [At this moment Dean enters by a door in front of Easton.] Easton (effusively)—Good morning, Robert! Good morning, my dear boy. [He rushes up to Dean, still keeping his back to Mrs. Easton. As he reaches out his hand to take Dean's, he thrusts the letter inside the collar of Dean's waistcoat.] Dean—Why, what the devil! (Sees Mrs. Easton.) I beg your pardon, Mrs. Easton. Good morning. Easton (turning as if surprised)—You here, my dear? I thought— Mrs. Easton—Horace, what was that letter you were reading when I came in? Easton (lightly)—Oh, never mind! I was a bit put out about it. But let that pass. Mrs. Easton—What do you mean? Easton—It was the bill for those things you ordered at Elmsam's. A little high, a trifling extravagant, but I can stand it. (Takes an old letter from his pocket.) Mrs. Easton—Let me see it. Easton—No, no. (Puts the letter back.) Don't trouble yourself about it. (Aside) I wish Henry could see me do this. It would be a lesson to him. Mrs. Easton (in a conciliatory tone)—It wasn't much over two hundred dollars. Easton—Very well, my dear. We can talk it over in the conservatory. I hear Annie coming, and Robert will wish us anywhere else but here. [They go out. Easton turns at the door he winks at Robert and lays his finger on his lips.] Annie—Good morning, Bobby. Why, what's the matter with you? Dean—Nothing; nothing at all, Annie. Annie—Was papa here just now? [She turns toward the conservatory. At that moment Robert takes a step toward her. The letter falls out from under his waistcoat. Annie turns before he can pick it up. He covers it with his foot.] Annie (sits in big chair at the right)—Come here, Bobby. Come! [She makes a movement indicating that Dean is to sit on the arm of the chair. Dean wipes his forehead with his handkerchief.] Dean (aside)—Great heavens, what a situation! If I move she'll see this letter. And it's her own father! Annie—What are you muttering about, Bobby? Dean—I've got the queerest cramp in my leg. (Stoops and rubs it.) Annie! I can't move it without half killing me. Annie (running up to him)—Oh, you poor boy. Whatever can be the matter? Dean—Don't touch it. It's full of pins and needles. Feels as if it was asleep. Annie—Why, I'm really frightened. Dear Bobby, let me get you a chair. (She wheels one up behind him.) There, sit down. Now I'll get another chair and lift your foot up into it. Dean (wildly)—No, no; don't try to move it! I'm more comfortable so. Just let me sit here forever. Annie (beginning to cry with fright)—I'm afraid it's something perfectly dreadful. (Dean rubs his head in a agony of perplexity.) Oh, is it going to your head? Thank goodness, here comes Jennie. Mrs. Holmes enters. Mrs. Holmes—Why, Robert, are you ill? Dean—Only a slight attack of paralysis. Annie (screams)—Paralysis! Oh! Dean—Annie, dear, if you'd run into the parlor and get a soft footstool— [Annie rushes out.] Mrs. Holmes—Now, Robert, what is it? Dean (picking up the letter)—It's the letter. (He thrusts it into her hand.)

For heaven's sake keep it. It's cost me agony enough. Mrs. Holmes—Robert, I'm shocked. Dean—So am I, though upon my soul I don't know a word that's in it. Promise me you won't read it, nor let anybody see it. Mrs. Holmes—Of course I won't. But I think your conduct to Annie is— Dean—Hush, here she comes. [Annie runs in with four large hosiery socks piled in her arms and a cushion on top. She cannot see over them, and so collides with Mrs. Holmes. Dean, in view of this catastrophe, forgets his assumed lameness and jumps up.] Annie—Why, Bobby, are you better? Dean—It has all passed away. Annie (suspiciously)—And you said it was paralysis. Robert, you have deceived me. [They go out towards the conservatory, quarreling. Mrs. Holmes takes the letter from her pocket.] Mrs. Holmes—This is shameful. What ought I to do? I must read it, in spite of my promise, and then decide. [She begins to read. Holmes enters and Mrs. Holmes hastily conceals the paper.] Holmes (aside)—A letter! Can Easton have played me false? [Easton enters. Holmes makes a sign to him and points to Mrs. Holmes who pretends to be busy about the breakfast table. Easton shakes his head.] Holmes (aside)—Then it is her own. This is a judgment on me. Oh, Jennie, Jennie! Heaven knows I never dreamed of this. But my course is plain. (Aloud) Jennie, it seems that your own guilty conscience prompted your unjust suspicions a few minutes ago. It was you who really had something to conceal. I demand to see that letter. [Enter Mrs. Easton, Dean and Annie.] Mrs. Holmes—It is neither mine nor yours. I cannot let you see it. Easton—What's this, Jennie? Remember my counsel this morning. You should show him the letter. Dean (pulling Easton's sleeve, and speaking aside)—Here, look out or you'll get into a pretty mess. It's yours. Easton (shouting, aside)—This is too rich. (Aloud, impressively)—I repeat what I have said. Coming from a man so much older than you all, my words should have weight. Jennie, give that letter to your husband, and let him read it aloud to all present, if he is willing to do so. Dean (aghast)—He's crazy. Mrs. Holmes—I can't stand this. (Looks significantly at Dean.) I will not read under unjust suspicion. Take it and read it if you wish. [She hands the letter to Holmes. He recognizes it at a glance.] Holmes (aside)—She evidently hasn't read it. (Then aloud, holding the letter in his hand and looking round the group) Did anyone here think for a moment that I distrusted my wife? Did any of you imagine that I would read this letter? If any did, let him learn a lesson by my act. Let him learn the beauty of perfect confidence between man and wife. I do not care to pry into the secret of this little scrap of paper. See, I lay it upon these burning coals. It vanishes in an instant, and so should all doubts vanish in the pure flame of love. Even though the face be not so fair, And beauty may be all but flown, Dear ladies, you need not despair, If SOUDONOT you make your own; And brush your teeth and mouth with skill You'll fascinate and conquer still. One limited first-class fare with \$2.00 additional for the round trip harvest excursions August 22, September 12 and October 10, 1903. The Wisconsin Central line will run low rate harvest excursions on above dates to points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota. Tickets will be good twenty (20) days from date of sale, with stop-over privileges to points west of St. Paul and Minneapolis. For full information address any of the company's representatives or Jas. C. Pond, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt., Chicago, Ill. The Best Plaster. Dampens a piece of flannel with Cham-

berlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. It is better than any plaster. When the joints are sore such an application on the chest and another on the back between the shoulder blades, will often prevent pneumonia. There is nothing so good for a lame back or a pain in the side. A sore throat can nearly always be cured in one night by applying a flannel bandage dampened with Pain Balm. 50 cent bottles for sale by F. J. Wenzburg, 58 Monroe street; also Peck Bros., 129-131 Monroe street. Dry maple and beech, \$2.00 per cord at G. H. Behnke. New Chicago Service via G. R. & I. SOLID TRAINS AND QUICK TIME. Commencing Monday, November 20th, train leaving Chicago at 10:05 a. m. will leave at 10:30 a. m. and run through solid and independently; arriving Chicago at 4 p. m. Buffet parlor car and first-class day coaches. Night train with through sleeping car and coach will leave same as now—11:20 p. m.—arrive Chicago 7:35 a. m. From Chicago solid train will leave Chicago at 4:15 p. m., arriving Grand Rapids 9:50 p. m. Night train will leave at 11:40 p. m. instead of 10 p. m., arriving Grand Rapids 7:10 a. m. Cheap Excursion to the West. An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the west and northwest will be afforded by the series of low rate harvest excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on August 22, September 12 and October 10, 1903, to points in Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah and will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going trip in territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information, call on or address Ticket Agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed, free, upon application to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago. Headache Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia And all Stomach Troubles Are Cured by P. P. P. [Prickly Ash, Peppermint and Potassium.] P. P. P. is a sure cure for Rheumatism, Syphilis, Scrofula, Blood Poison, Blisters, Pimples and all skin and blood diseases. Cancerous sore on face, years of skin trouble, Glandular swelling, sufferer renders thanks to P. P. P. for its great cures. Abbott's East Indian Corn Paint cures all Corns, Warts and Bunions. For Over Fifty Years Mrs. WINDLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. A Lady's Watch is About the Size of a bottle of Smith's Blue Beans. They are daily in form, unguaranteed for the taste and their action makes them peculiar as a means of moving the bowels. There is not a gripe in a barrel of them. They regulate the flow of bile, hence are efficacious alike in constipation and diarrhoea—in fact, in all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. A 50 cent bottle will often save a \$50 doctor bill if taken in time. Ask for the SMALL size. Take no substitute for SMITH'S. Bile Beans!

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